

TOTHE

HONOURED

Richard Morgan Esq;

ON HIS

HAPPY MARRIAGE.

A

Congratulatory POEM.

Non fragrat nisi flagrat Amor.

By E. Settle.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year, MDCGXVI

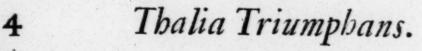




Thalia Triumphans.

Hen the Great FOUNDER this vaft Pilebegan, And ended with his fixth Day's Labour, MAN, His Greatest Work the Last; stampt in his own Bright IMAGE, call'd to th' Universal Throne: Yes Earth, Heav'n, Stars, and Sun, the whole wide Round All built for Him, all to his Service bound, These humbler Glories in the Front appear, Whilft MAN, trueSOVER AIGN-like, brought up the Reer. This Fav'rite Head what tho' fo high enstall'd? Th' All-giving GOD ev'n for new Bleffings call'd: To make this Lordly Creature Greater still, Ev'n th' highest Grasp of his Ambition fill, His LIFE's Best HALF, sole Partner of his Joys, SOUL of his SOUL, he form'd the BEAUTEOUS EYES. With this fair Mate of Empire, given to joyn His Soveraignty, and moulded all Divine, Ta'n from his Side, t' his Side return'd again, Not truly Crown'd till now th' Almighty bid him reign.

This



This Lovely Form, this Master-Work of Heav'n, Wisely to Man's embracing Arms was given; All that could make a Universe so fair, Ev'n worth a Thought, or Life it self a Care.

When the Happy BRIDEGROOM thus takes to his Arms Honour, Wit, Beauty, Youth, Lord of such Charms; Why do we wish him Joy! Methinks to pay That empty Vow throws a vain Breath away: 'Tis wishing Treasure to an Indian Mine; Or Glory to the Sun's Meridian Shine.

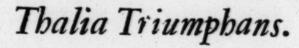
Compar'd to LOVE's Rich Chace, why all that Toil For Mines of Gold, both th' East and Western Spoil? Let ev'n COLUMBUS, his proud Sails unsur!'d, Plume in the Glory of a new-found World; All empty Pride, Great LOVE, compar'd to thine: 'Tis thy discover'd Treasures truly shine.

Thou, Happier Voyager, without a Boast, Dost only lead to the true Golden Coast.

Nay, not the very Hands that hold the Reins Of the driv'n World, not Scepter'd SOVERAIGNS,

元本を大学大学大学大学

In



In all the Pride of Life, and Pomp of Pow'r,

Can up to Half LOVE's heightened Raptures tour.

Ev'n the proud MACEDON's Young AMMON dreft

With the Rich Spoils of his whole Conquer'd Eaft,

What the he drove o're his own Vatfal Globe,

Deckt in Pow'rs Haughtieft Majestick Robe,

Of all that Glory's vainer Plumes possess,

Still far beneath the BRIDEGROOM's brighter Crest;

So much LOVE's Coronation Chaplet breathes

More fragrant Odours then Imperial Wreathes:

So much his Lighter Joys, and Spritelier Gems,

Out shine the duller Load of Diadems:

LOVE from his Richer Throne looks ev'n with Pity down

On all the poorer Brows that sweat beneath a Crown.

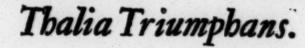
Whilst LOVE then does to all this Feast invite,
To Bliss so Ravishing, Joys so Exquisite;
What can the Duteous Muses less then joyn
Their liveliest Airs t'affist these Rites Divine:
A Theme enough, in it's whole bright Array,
To bless the Morn and Consecrate the Day.

What

6 Thalia Triumphans.

What Songs can Hymen want? His Rites to cheer, Whole Confiellations of the Great and Fair, With their best Vows, the Bleffing and the Prayer, All meet to see the Sacred Gordian ty'd, And with bent Knees Salute the Beauteous BRIDE; Whilst one joyn'd Smile does in all Eyes appear: Envy it self is an-Adorer here. Thus whilst to this Day's Joys the Muse dares soar, Let Her not Boaft her duteous Tribute more Than what whole Hundred Knees have paid before. Led by those Hundreds Her best Airs are all But Copies of that loud Original: Whilst t' hail the Bridal PAIR, all all around Their fainter Airs in shriller Ecthoes drown'd, What Clangors wak'd the Morn, and Tubes of Triumph found! No Songs too high, nor Joys too great, to pay The Rites to LOVE's Inauguration Day. When warbling Throats falute the Love-crowndPair, Th' Harmonious Train pay nat'ral Homage there. LOVE is it felf but MUSICK more refin'd, Two well-tun'd Hearts in one foft Confort joyn'd.

Thon



Thou then the envy'd Lord of all those Charms,
The Beauteous DAVENPORT in thy blest Arms,
Claim thy Fair Prize, thy Nuptial Bed r adorn,
A BRIDE, to Beauty's double Portion born;
By Heav'n, and her Great PARENTS deckt so Fair,
Their Own, and bounteous Nature's Rival Care;
Nature r enrich the Casket, They the Gem;
Her EYES and MIND so match'd, each Radiant Beam,
And early GRACE to her Young Breast instill'd,
Worthy the lovely Angel-mould they fill'd.

What tho' an humbler Train of Nymphs and Swains
With all the Musick of the Groves and Plains,
Within their Verge th' Auspicious Gordian ty'd,
First hail'd this Happy PAIR: With no less Pride
This touring CITY waits the smiling BRIDE.
And when Approaching Winter's chilling Blast
Shall strip her Rural Sweets, her Bow'rs lay waste,
Whilst drooping FLORA mourns she wants the Spring,
To pay her Tributary Offering;
To deck the BRIDE no more her Odours breathe,
Nor Roses ev'n uncropt her Garlands wreathe.

8 Thalia Triumphans.

Hither shall LOVE's Triumphant Chariot drive;
These warmer Walls those Darling Guests receive.
Here more Exalted Heads of Honour still
With renew'd Joys their Nuptial Choir shall fill;
Whilst proud AUGUSTA, the Fair Eyes to meet,
Shall bend her Tow'ry Forehead at her Feet.

Thus, Happy SIR, melt'a long Life away,

A Life but one continu'd Nuptial Day;

Th' inviolable Knot so strongly tye,

The Hymeneal Honour rais'd so high,

Till ev'n the Great and Fair, so pleas'd, so charm'd,

And to bright VIRTUE ev'n by Envy warm'd.

To Pattern from a Precedent Divine,

Shall Love like MORGAN, and like MORGAN Shine.

Nay, to be Happier still, live, Sir, to see

Ev'n Your own founded Immortality;

Not only of Love's richest BLISS possest,

But with the FRUIT of Love as richly blest;

Yes, live to see Your Fruitful Table spread

With those sweet Pledges of the Genial Bed,

Copies that shall th' Original renew,

And make the Stock Immortal whence they grew.

FIN 1 S.

